

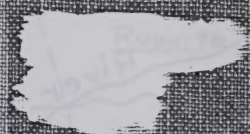
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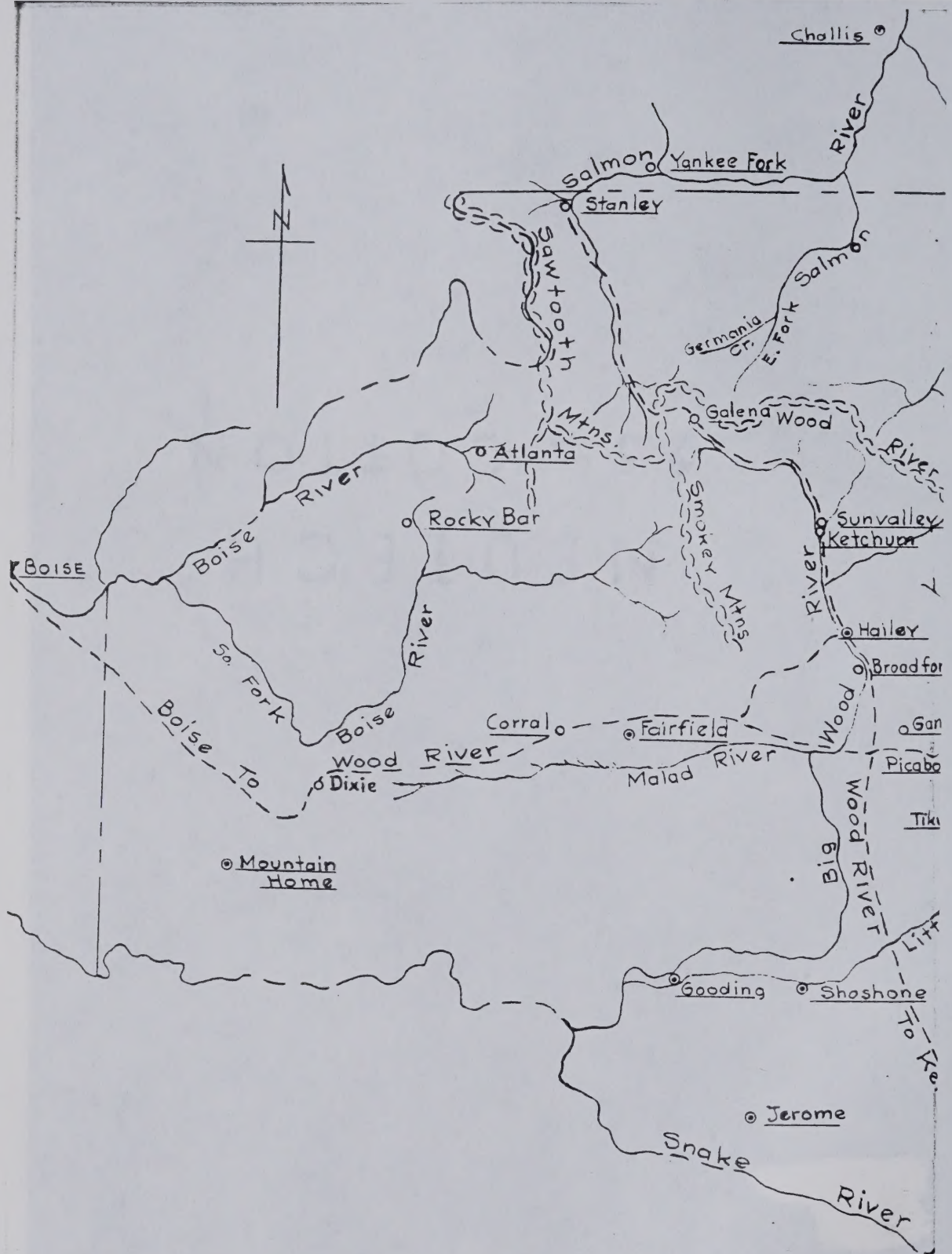


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Hall, Lucille Hathaway, 1883
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Memories of old Alturas
County. Idaho

MEMORIES OF OLD
ALTURAS COUNTY, IDAHO

Lucille Hathaway Hall





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Alturas County was created February 4, 1864, in the Territory of Idaho. It consisted of what now are all of the counties of Elmore, Camas, Blain, Gooding, Lincoln, Jerome, Minidoka; nearly all of the county of Butte; and parts of Custer, Power, and Bingham counties.

Lucille Hathaway Hall's account of the vast territorial county begins with memories of incidents dating approximately the year 1879. Her parents came into the county at that time and established a stage and road station.

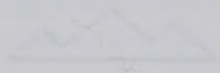
Mrs. Hall's memories are rich with incidents taking place in many parts of the county and involving many persons. She has recorded most important material for the history of her native state and of the West.

MEMORIES OF OLD
ALTURAS COUNTY, IOWA

MEMORIES OF OLD ALTURAS COUNTY

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MEMORIES OF OLD
ALTURAS COUNTY, IDAHO

Lucille Hathaway Hall

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Germania Basin.



Packing into the Idaho wilderness.

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LUCILLE HATHAWAY HALL

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FOREWORD

The basis of this narrative is actual incidents beginning approximately the year 1879 in Old Alturas County in the Territory of Idaho.

Alturas County was created February 4, 1864, with the county seat being designated as Esmeralda, then immediately redesignated as Rocky Bar.

The original Alturas County consisted of what now are all of the counties of Elmore, Camas, Blain, Gooding, Lincoln, Jerome, Minidoka; and nearly all of the county of Butte; and parts of Custer, Power, and Bingham counties. It reached from the mouth of the Bruneau on the west to the sinks of Little Lost River on the east, and from the Sawtooth Mountains on the north to the Snake River on the south. It was often referred to as "The Empire of Alturas."

Alturas County was abolished March 5, 1895, and Blaine County created from part of Old Alturas County, with Hailey winning the county seat fight.

EMPIRE OF ALTURAS

My mother and father were foreign born. Mother was Swedish and French and came to the Salt Lake Valley as a Mormon convert from Stockholm, Sweden, but left the Church after learning of some of their polygamous practices at that time. Father came to Indianapolis, Indiana, from Denmark, later moving to the Ophir mining district of Utah and eventually meeting and marrying my mother in Salt Lake City.

My father and mother, Samuel W. and Augusta Peterson, came overland by wagon and team from Salt Lake City to lower Big Wood River valley shortly after their marriage and located the spring of 1879 on the head of Silver Creek in the vicinity of Gillihans' Grove. During July their crops were

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frosted badly, so early that fall they moved to Little Wood River valley, where they relocated and where my brothers John and Otto and myself, whom my father named Lucille Elizabeth, but my mother insisted on calling Lucy, were born.

Where they relocated they were very close to the stage crossing of Little Wood River on the emigrant trail between Market Lake and Hailey and points west. There were good grass, water, and shade; also here the river divided into several channels, meandering through large cottonwood groves.

On the east island formed by these channels, my parents built a log house containing three large rooms with also a leanto. The first roof of this house was logs and poles covered with earth; it was replaced three years later with lumber.

During this first winter of 1879 and 1880, because of heavy snow which stopped most of the team travel, several prospectors arrived on foot. While they waited for more favorable conditions to travel, father put them to work building a few more log houses for use by the people traveling through.

My folks were among the first to divert water from Little Wood River to raise garden produce, and during the summer they would sell garden produce to the several mining camps. But father went to work in the Silver Horn mine at Era late each fall, and he remained there till early spring. Eventually our place became a stage station on this emigrant trail.

Living quarters at the station consisted of a large three-room log house. The kitchen, the largest room, served also as a dining room. The log walls and ceiling were covered with white muslin, tacked to the ridge-poles and the upper sides; it then hung down over the walls and was tacked again to logs near the floor. These muslin coverings gave the room a clean, cosy atmosphere.

There was a large iron range stove in which twelve loaves of bread were baked in one batch each day, besides hot rolls,

pies, and buttermilk biscuits—the last a “must” for breakfast.

Wooden dry-goods boxes were nailed to the wall for holding dishes and cooking utensils; over the fronts, curtains hung neatly, covering the contents.

The leanto on the north side opened into the kitchen and middle bedroom. It served as a storage place for extra bedding and linens. Near the kitchen side stood a hundred-pound sack of sugar very handy for the cook.

The middle bedroom was large and held three large-sized beds, washbowls, and a bucket of water; also another bucket of water and a “catcher” in case it was needed.

The end room was the family room, where the family slept.

To the south and west were several log cabins with double beds. Each cabin contained a washstand, bowl, pitcher, and shake rug. These cabins stood very close to the station.

Farther away stood several tents with wooden floors and walled sides. They had single beds, also a bowl, pitcher, stand, and rug. Wire screen was not available; so to keep the blood-thirsty mosquitoes out, cloth netting was tacked around the tent frame, and a door drop made, using two thicknesses of netting bound on the sides and bottom with calico. In the calico hem rocks the size of hen’s eggs were sewn to keep the netting in place. The whole contraption could be raised on entering or leaving, while the hungry pests buzzed around outside.

The tents were very popular with the travelers because of the fresh air and the lovely fragrance of the flowers and trees which surrounded them.

The river divided into two deep channels about five-hundred yards above the station. On the east side the river was somewhat smaller than on the west, and a high footbridge with hand rails, a heavy built structure, spanned the channel. Here on the island were raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, a

large vegetable garden, and a small orchard. The island extended north and south for nearly three miles, while along the channels huge cottonwoods grew. Buzzards and cranes nested and made themselves obnoxious, owls of every description hooted, and cougars and coyotes joined in the chorus.

The island was rather wild and dismal at times; but it was out of the ordinary and afforded wonderful pasture.

East of the station a large corral stood, walled up and covered on the north and west sides, with four large stables, granary, cowbarn, blacksmith shop, bunkhouse for the men, also pig pens and chicken coops.

During the winter season at the station, harnesses and stages were repaired and made ready for spring travel; and corraled here were the horses, where they had ample shelter from the deep snow and extremely cold weather.

The horses were not of the large draft type, twelve-hundred pounds being the largest. Some were in the nine-hundred fifty pound class. All were well broken and fleet of foot, and how they would go when hitched four to a coach!

The stations were approximately twenty miles apart. Teams were changed at each station, making the twenty miles in four to five hours; and the teams were ready the next day for the return trip.

The drivers were old hands, quite tough and rugged. Most always chewed "Horseshoe" or "Climax" tobacco and spit without regards to whose property it might light upon.

The spring of 1882 seemed the longest in coming, because snow had fallen to a depth of several feet during the past winter and for days the temperature hovered around zero, sometimes dropping to minus forty-five degrees.

The stock had been turned out on the lower foothills, where an abundance of grass sprung up as the warm sun continued to melt snow on the higher elevations.

The river had been rising for days and now was moving into flood stage, carrying driftwood and debris in its wake as it roared down from the mountains. The emigrants began moving, as there was ample forage for their stock. Also people began to move between the different mining camps, to Era, about sixty-five miles to the east; Muldoon to the north; Broadford and Hailey on Big Wood River; and numerous other mining camps to the west.

Some travelers were being delayed by the high water because there were no bridges over most streams at this time.

Several mining men from Era were eager to reach Hailey, and as the river was in flood stage, started their horses across. One man was dumped into the river when his horse lost his footing and he had somewhat of a rugged time, but his horse stayed with him till the man secured a hold of his tail, then took him out on the other side, well soaked. One trip like this and most didn't care to try it again soon.

The muslin bed ticks had been washed and stuffed with bright clean oat straw. Many beds were in readiness for the travelers. The stages were in operation again.

The stage from Era had arrived, carrying a full load of passengers, mail and a strong box. The box had been carried across the footbridge and placed in mother's keeping. Where she put it, God only knew! The passengers—a business man, a miner, two "sporting" girls, a man who was somewhat of a politician, the armed guard or "shotgun," as he was often called—all had been assigned their cabins. A commotion started at the station.

Cowpokes, ranchhands on horses, and a teamster with a heavy team of horses hitched to a large Bain wagon were taking off headed for the ford crossing of Little Wood River one quarter mile above the station.

Two stages, one from Hailey and the other from Muldoon, were waiting to be helped across the river.

The teamster unhooked the heavy team from the wagon, crawled upon the back of one of the horses, and away they went through the swift and deep water that came near over the backs of the horses in places. He hooked the large team on the wheel or tongue position, with the original four out front. Down into the river they plunged, the passengers pulling their feet up to the seat while the water rushed through and over the coach floor.

They were soon across the river, where the teamster, who had ridden on the coach, unhooked his team and returned to help the other coach across.

The people in the first coach were from Hailey, and they unloaded to watch the coach from Muldoon come across.

The teamster had hooked his large team to the wheel or tongue position, with the other four out in front again. On reaching mid-stream, one horse in the middle hitch began to plunge and soon lost his footing. Down he went in the swift water. A cowpoke rode in to hold the horse's head out of water, but he still refused or could not get to his feet.

About midway across and a little way below the crossing was a large cottonwood stump, where the deep water shot off towards the east bank in mad fury.

The coach in near mid-river was taking a terrific beating from the fast water and soon began to slide over into the deep water, where it over turned, spilling the passengers and baggage out into the river. Soon two men had a rope on the horse, and together with both saddle horses and teams the whole mess was on dry ground; some of the ranch men in mean time had gone to help those passengers in the deep water.

Meanwhile Kitty, a "sporting girl" who had crossed in the first coach, had pulled off her shoes, dress, and bustle and

jumped in to help a lady, to whom she had been talking when waiting for the teams to come from the station.

The lady was a Mrs. Noble, a Muldoon mine superintendent's wife who was going to her mother's place at Marley Burn for the birth of a child. Soon Kitty had her in tow and out on the bank.

Kitty went in again and retrieved several pieces of baggage that had lodged against a driftwood dam. As she came to the bank again, a short fat sporting girl, who had been plunged into the water, was crying, "I've lost my baby; she has drowned." Her poodle dog puppy had been swept into the river. This puppy was a cut little female called Rosie, who also had lodged on the driftwood dam and stood there barking. So Kitty swam over and rescued her.

After all were rescued, including baggage, they were not long in reaching the station, where all received a warm welcome from my parents and the numerous people who were a part of this wonderful place.

Kitty helped the Nobles to get their baggage, and when they were given a cabin she hung up their clothing to dry. Mother brought some dry clothing for Mrs. Noble and took her to the main dwelling, where she was made comfortable and warm. By eleven-thirty that night she gave birth to a nice baby boy. Kitty and mother both pitched in and delivered the little fellow, as there were no doctors available at this time.

The old girl who owned Rosie was making a great noise crying and carrying on. Finally Kitty's patience was exhausted and she said, "Say, you hush! Shame on you, you are worse than a child. Now be quiet and I will get you some whiskey." After a big swig, she went into the land of nod. The next morning the little dog Rosie was unable to walk because of a bad cold. Her mistress left her with us. She lived eighteen years and was quite a favorite with everyone.

The evening after the river episode a rather mixed group came into supper. Trying to look their best, the girls entered the dining room first and were seated along one side of the table. The politician or "Senator" came in next and seated himself across the table from Kitty. After gazing at her with a pensive look for a short time, he said, "Kitty, what caused your downfall?" She glanced at him, smiled, and said, "Senator, I blame no one for my downfall. I am just a sport at heart." The senator's face grew red; he soon finished his supper and asked to be excused. For many years he was ribbed and reminded of his fatherly solicitude, but he continued to stop at the station for many years.

The "girls" were all pretty and very lady-like, keeping to themselves in their cabins a short distance from the main dwelling, where mother was their protector from any intrusion.

Kitty, to me, was the most beautiful of all. Her movements were graceful, her general bearing that of a queen; her black hair was naturally curly and beautiful, worn in ringlets around her shoulders.

There was a rumor that she was in love with a young local attorney and they planned to be married as soon as his practice would warrant the support of a wife. But after several years he married a socially prominent lady for money and position. Kitty was broken-hearted and left for Butte, Montana, where she later married a mine superintendent. Meanwhile the attorney prospered and became well-to-do, though his friends claimed he was a very unhappy man. Years slipped by and he became seriously ill and was moved to a hospital in Salt Lake City, where the doctors were very grave and advised him, if he had any last request to make he should do so soon. He said he wanted to see his old sweetheart Kitty once more before he passed on, he said he should have married her twenty-five years before instead of the iceberg he had married. Kitty

came and he passed away in her arms as he had wished to do.

The girls in those days were mostly blonds "by preference," while a few were brunettes. Red hair seemed to be taboo. They all used strong smelling perfume, very loud and "come hither." High French heels with buttoned shoes were much in evidence, large picture hats, veils, and pretty gowns with drapes and bustles were worn by all.

I, as a small child, loved everyone regardless of his station in life.

One of the more wealthy girls asked mother if she could adopt me when I was three years of age, offered twenty thousand dollars if she could, a large bid for a little girl. I have wondered how this would have culminated, as she promised she would see that I received good schooling and was raised as a lady.

Years later one of these girls had a place in Mackay, and became involved in the death of a young chap known as "Big-Hat." While being held in jail at Challis, she committed suicide.

Several married and became good substantial citizens.

The girls continued to travel back and forth between the different mining camps until about 1892 or 1893 when the value of silver dropped considerably causing a great many mines to close.

Those who married stopped occasionally for a few days of fishing and good food, so they said.

One girl married a young local boy a few years her junior and became a splendid wife and mother. (Time, it seems, erases many a heart-ache and sorrow.)

We the old pioneers have forgotten *all*, except the good sterling qualities of those who played an intergal part in the building of a new community of people in Old Alturas County of Idaho.

The way of the American life could not remain for long the same, transportation means must progress even in those days.

The Oregon Short Line Railroad was constructed into Ketchum late in the fall of 1883, the year I was born, and Tikura siding became our station on the railroad.

A large platform and warehouse was built along the railroad siding at Tikura to accommodate the Little Wood River Valley and the mines in the Muldoon and Era districts.

Jay Gould, a prominent stock holder in the Oregon Short Line Railroad, on numerous occasions parked his private cars on the Tikura siding, while he and his party consisting of himself, wife and two daughters and servants came to our stage station for fishing and general outing.

The cabin assigned to the Goulds stood on the bank of the east channel of the river where each morning Mr. Gould would arise real early and catch fish for their breakfast.

Their party occupied three cabins and outside of food and clean linen they asked no favors, and were very gracious and lovely people.

Their maids kept their cabins in fine shape and would gather wild flowers daily for the cabins and tents.

Mr. Gould always wore tight brown trousers, funny pointed shoes, wide striped suspenders and his shirt always "boasted" a stiff white collar. He wore a straggly "off brown" mustache, a bald spot was beginning to show through his hair and he wore a hard hat at all times.

They apparently loved Idaho and spent many hours along the river and in the mountains and always dressed for dinner in the evening.

Also there was Lord Waller, a very wealthy Englishman who later operated a large "spread" in Wyoming; and his wife, a southern beauty, mother of a young son, who was cared for by a governess. We loved this little chap with his southern drawl.

Lord Waller was tall, about six feet four, and bald. He wore tweeds and spats. Their governess fell in love with the valley, likewise with one of our cowboys; they were married and lived with us for a great many years.

By 1883, several families had moved into the valley. Joe and Brig Smith from Utah, Billingsleys from Hagerman valley, Alex Spicer from Missouri, John Camerons from Melrose, Montana, and in 1884 Jim Carey from Oxford, Idaho.

Mrs. Carey was a godsend to the valley for years to come; delivering babies and caring for the sick, she rarely received any remuneration. She herself was the mother of a very large family of boys and girls.

The newcomers were all blessed with large families, so a school was necessary. Mr. Cameron, Brig Smith, Mr. Carey, and my father established the first school in the fall of 1884, about a mile below the stage station on the east side of the river.

The school house was built of cottonwood logs, from which the bark had been peeled. It had four small windows, a rough lumber floor, and roof of logs, poles, brush, straw, and earth. After the logs had been chinked and mudded, it made a very comfortable building.

At the first school board meeting called to discuss finances and a teacher, an argument arose over Brig Smith wishing to employ a relative of his for teacher. To this, father and Mr. Cameron objected and during the argument Brig Smith and my father came to blows. No relatives were employed, so that question was settled.

The evening after this school meeting a young chap by the name of Schricengosh came to the station driving a small band of sheep. By morning there was a foot of snow on the ground. He was unable to go farther with his stock. This young man had taught school somewhere in the middle west; he couldn't

go on with his sheep, so it seemed an act of providence that he should be marooned with us.

After supper he and father saddled up and went to call on Mr. Cameron and Mr. Carey. He was employed—so to speak—as teacher. He lived with us, getting food, lodging, and laundry; the others in the district, which comprised a radius of about five miles, took turns furnishing his small band of sheep with feed.

His salary was very meager, if any. He helped to build tables and benches for the school and was an all around splendid chap. He remained until spring came; when there was enough grass to graze his sheep, he trailed them on into the Boise valley.

During the fall and winter of 1882-83 a bridge had been constructed, several hundred feet up the river from the old ford crossing. It put an end to a great many hardships for the traveling public. Although of crude construction, this bridge stood the mad water's beating against its rock abutments for many years.

People began to settle the valley to the east and south of us about this time. Several families of Phippens formed a small community in the lower valley, known as Phippenville. The Hadgmans, Anthonys, Billingsleys, Kellys, McGarys, Cases, and Evanses all settled in the valley about this time; also Jim Miller built a dance hall near where the Co-op Store is now located in Carey. This street is now the main street of Carey or what is now US-20, 26, and 93 Alternate; it was known then as Millers Lane.

Miller's Hall was where the people of the valley periodically danced. Occasionally a considerable number of demijohns were hidden in the bushes near at hand where the gentry would go for a social nip. Occasionally there were fights at these dances, and in one of these scraps a chap lost an ear for

his amorous attention to another man's "Sweet Betsy from Pike."

Alf Young and Jane, his wife, came from Wyoming in 1879 and homesteaded a few miles up the river from our stage station. For several years they lived with us in the winter; then a cabin was built for them. When we children came along, they became Uncle Alf and Aunt Jane to us.

Uncle Alf taught us to ride our ponies and to grow flowers and vegetables. He swore by note, using some of the funniest words and phrases. Often in the evening, when the day's work was finished, he would sit on a bench outside their cabin door and play his violin. Here the travelers, cowboys, and the family would gather, while Uncle Alf fiddled and sang songs. When he would break out in fast jig time, even the hardened miners would join in the dance and fun.

Aunt Jane taught me to sew and dress myself and would find pretty ribbons for my long, heavy, auburn hair braids.

Uncle Alf smoked a very aromatic pipe, and when he ran out of tobacco he would smoke kinnikinnick bark, sit and gaze out across the valley toward the snow-capped mountains in the distance, and say, "This is truly God's valley, the most beautiful place on earth."

Dear Aunt Jane and Uncle Alf lived with us until God in his mercy called them home. Their last days were spent in the cabin on the banks of Little Wood River.

With the advent of the railroad into southern Idaho and the Big Wood River Valley, a large number of new people were settling in Idaho. A United States General Land Office was then opened in Hailey to care for these settlers.

The mines were going full blast. Mother was kept busy caring for the travelers at the station, and father was kept busy with raising and marketing garden produce during the summer, while in the winter he continued to work in the mines.

My mother and father were very much individualists and were much apart by reason of father working in the mines during the winters. When I was near two years of age, the year of 1885, father picked up and left mother, never to return.

Two years after my father left, mother secured a divorce from father and married John Ward, who had purchased the stage line operating between our station and Era. There were born to mother and Mr. Ward my sisters Margaret and Una and brother Oscar.

Mr. Ward operated the stage line from the summer of 1886 till the fall of 1888. By this time some of the mines began to close down as the ore pinched out. The overland immigration began to slow down and travel was decreasing.

Mr. Ward didn't like ranch life; so after a year or so he persuaded mother to sell some of her cattle and horses. With this money and some my father had deposited when he left, Mr. Ward left for Butte, Montana, in the spring of 1889 to go into the grocery business, so he claimed.

Mother and the rest of us stayed on the ranch until fall. We left for Butte, also, only to find Mr. Ward the proprietor of a saloon. Was mother horrified!

Soon after our arrival Mr. Ward lost his lease and was out of business. He occasionally found a few days of work, mostly tending bar.

After some two years of this intermittent work, we were nearly destitute so mother moved him out bag and baggage. With mother doing laundry, baking bread, cleaning houses, and caring for children, and I helping in a boarding house in the evenings, and brother John working as a call-boy for the railroad, we were better off without him.

After some two years more of trying to make a living in Butte, we returned to the ranch on Little Wood River and were happy to be out in the country again.

After our return, mother cleared off more sagebrush and planted more hay; there were five acres of potatoes, an acre of yellow danver onions, and a large vegetable garden.

A contract for five tons of potatoes at a cent per pound to be delivered in the fall was made in Hailey. These potatoes were dug on shares by our neighbors, who sorted out the small ones, which were left in the field for the pigs; the others were sacked, the pickers getting every third sack.

I would check and set aside our share of the crop each evening, later to be hauled over the mountain via Bradley hill to Silver Creek and on to Hailey by four-horse teams. These wagons came back loaded with a year's supply of staple foods, such as sugar, flour, Arbuckles coffee, raisins, currants, sorghum, tea, and other things too numerous to mention.

My older brother John went to work at Howe, Idaho, for the Evans Livestock Company. This left me, now fourteen years of age, to ride herd on our cattle and horses. This meant many hours each day in the saddle, riding in the mountains and valleys.

I knew our stock at a glance and sometimes found our cows with suckling calves bearing brands of others. This was reason for a special call on the owners of the brand, and later our brand would be placed on these calves.

In the mountains and valleys there was an abundance of wild game, such as deer and antelope, which were often seen near the ranch. There was an abundance of prairie chickens, ruffed grouse, pin-tail and sage chickens, and the streams were teeming with mountain trout.

There was a wild herd of horses which ranged high in the mountains during the summer and out in the lava rock beds during the fall, winter, and early spring, where pot holes furnished the necessary water. To corral horses from the wild herd was some event. It took several relays of horses and days

of hard riding and ingenuity. We had a corral that stood nearly surrounded with trees where several old brood mares were put to lure the wild horses.

As a small girl I really thrilled when this wild herd was corralled. I sat on a high perch and watched the riders rope and snub the better horses in the herd.

One beautiful coal black stallion was corralled after a difficult ride. He was out front and gave a loud neigh and into the inclosure he galloped. When the rope fell around his neck, he simply screamed and yelled and his eyes really glowed.

In a short time they had a rope on one hind leg and down he flopped still fighting and bawling. In time he quieted down so that the men were able to put a rope on a front foot and with his head rope snubbed to the snubbing post, he was let up, still trying to break his bonds.

He finally gave up and the next day a saddle was put on him. How he did pitch and crowhop when one of the boys climbed into the saddle! After several bad pitches he gave up and in a couple of weeks he took it all in a day's work. He was about six years old and I became his proud owner, named him "Preacher." He was easy to train, full of life, a wonderful horse. He would come trotting when I whistled and nose in my pockets for sugar and apples.

In the summer of 1888, several Mormon families moved into the valley and settled where the town of Carey is located. The majority of these people were Mormon converts from England, Scotland, Wales, and the Scandinavian countries. These people represented the finest of the first settlers of the Little Wood River Valley.

In those days, the roads were almost impassible, especially in the mountains where they followed mountain sides, crossing slide rock in many places, fording deep swift streams. Often travelers would get into a quicksand bog, in some cases losing

stock and wagons in the treacherous water-soaked sand. Nevertheless, these staunch brave pioneers toiled on.

Emigrants were coming by droves into the country by prairie schooners from the Middle West. At times there would be seventy-five or more of these wagons camped near our ranch. Here there was an abundance of food and water. Occasionally they would remain and work in the hay, or help in the garden while the women folks took this break in travel to do the family wash and "clean up a bit." Some of the travelers went on to Oregon, while a great many stopped in Idaho.

The coming of the railroad in 1883, to Ketchum, helped to bring tradesmen, merchandisers, money-lenders, gamblers, and sporting girls who seemed to be a necessary evil in this wild growing West. Gamblers, tin horns, and thieves came to find some easy money, while shyster would-be lawyers took up residence and were ready to start "proceedings" at short notice. These people seemed to fit into the picture, for soon there were small towns springing up in Idaho.

Indeed things were changing, our cattle ranges were being fenced in, and we were being crowded for room for our stock. This necessitated a move to the northeast, high and far into the mountains to a virgin valley where there was an abundance of grass and water. Here we established our summer cow camp, which consisted of a large walled tent with a floor and fly cover extending out in front over the entrance, a sheep wagon, where supplies were kept, and where Liz and Al slept, a smaller tent for cooking when the weather would permit, and a box which was submerged into an ice cold spring, where we kept milk, butter, meat, and all kinds of perishable foods.

I was in charge of the cattle and horses. When we were to move, I took Liz and Al, three riders, and a trapper. Liz did the cooking and made and stored butter in crocks for use the following winter on the ranch. There were always cows

to milk. We had along two mamma pigs who enjoyed the milk and roamed around in the meadows and bushes. Each one farrowed shortly after their arrival, so that we had a bunch of pigs. The dogs kept them in the meadow and brush about a quarter mile distance. One night there was a terrific noise. The pigs were squealing and the dogs were raising a great fuss. All hands ran out with rifles and axes to settle the trouble. When they drew near to where the pigs had their "waller" they saw a huge grizzly bear feasting on a little pig. This old bruin met his fate at once. He was very large and fat. Later on, several of these marauders were trapped and shot, but not without a battle royal. One mother had a cub about six weeks of age, which she had hidden in the brush near by. After his mother had met her Waterloo, he was found crying like a baby. Liz fed him some milk and kept him in a little pen. The riders built a corral of small poles: here the cute little fellow would play and watch for food. When we left the mountains, we left him to forage for himself.

There were several hundred bear, black, brown, and grizzly in and around the valley and mountains. Our riders killed several and sheepmen accounted for a great many.

One morning about dawn, when I had been in camp over night, I was awakened by the dogs. I stuck my head out of the wagon door. The dogs were to the east a short distance. I reached for a rifle and crawled out of the wagon. By this time Al and Liz were up and looking around. I had just gone a short distance when I was able to see the outline of a human being. I called the dogs to me and he came on puffing and talking, but I couldn't understand a word he said. (He was a Basque.) But when I could see him plainly, how I did laugh! The poor chap had been asleep on the bed-grounds with his sheep when this old grizzly grabbed hold of his bed and left him without bed clothes. He "skinned out" fast as his legs

would carry him toward our camp, a distance of about three miles. He had been sleeping with two rough-neck sweaters on his upper body and with nothing on his lower anatomy. In order to be more presentable, he had stuck his legs into the sleeves of a sweater, with the neck part hanging between his legs. We all had a good laugh, ate breakfast, then gave him a horse to ride while we went back to his camp. Several sheep had been killed, and the herd was badly scattered.

There was an abundance of game, deer, elk, moose, bear, with numerous wild chickens. Every two weeks I would make a trip from the ranch to this camp with supplies and mail. I generally had two pack horses. Some times I would haze them ahead on the trail and again I might "tail" them. Shortly after leaving the ranch, I followed an old Indian trail into the high mountains before reaching the pass. This trail cut across the head of the valley following a steep abrupt dugway in several places. On the left side there was a very heavy growth of timber and low brush covering a steep mountain side. Here could be found an abundance of huckleberries as well as other mountain berries. This trail was narrow and treacherous in many places. I chose to go this way because it was only twenty-six miles to camp and forty by the road. I carried "nose bags" for the horses and a couple of sandwiches for my lunch, which I would eat at a nice cold spring at the head of a valley. I wore levis, a man's shirt, riding boots, chaps, stetson hat, and coat. In the scabbard on my saddle I carried a 30-30 Winchester rifle, and a sixshooter fit snugly into the pocket of my chaps.

In the middle of the summer, when the berries were ripe, I made this trip trailing two pack horses. We were well into the steep mountains when my horse snorted and refused to go farther. The horses that were tied to his tail also began to snort and pull back. I spoke to them and they quieted down somewhat. In the meantime, I had pulled the rifle from the

scabbard and sat waiting for any eventuality, hoping it was a bear, for she would at least stay on old terra-firma while a cougar would travel overhead in the timber and might leap on one of the horses. After a few minutes, the horses became quiet, with just an occasional snort. Then, after what seemed ages, my horse Preacher raised his head, looked across the narrow valley. There she was, a mother grizzly bear and her cubs. She went on her way and we decided that was a very good idea and did likewise. Two days later on my return, two cowboys and I found her and the cubs at about the same location and disposed of them.

We continued to range our cattle in the mountains for a number of years. Meanwhile, emigrants were going through in large parties of fifty or sixty wagons or more daily. Some of these good people would stop and look over the valley. A few would remain and homestead. In about 1891 a large colony of Mormons came from Utah and settled in the southern end of the valley. Here they remained, while year after year the crickets would eat all the crops they had planted. Until these people came, we never had seen a cricket. After six years with hardly food enough to keep life going and crickets everywhere, we awoke one morning to find the ground simply covered with little green frogs. They were in the mountains as well as the valley. When riding horseback, there was a continuous slipping and crushing as the horses walked along. We were all awe-struck and wondered what would come next. These frogs remained for several days, then they disappeared completely, and along with them went the crickets which never returned with such vengeance to the valley again. Not long ago an "old timer" asked me if I remembered this incident which seemed to be an act of Providence.

There was still heavy travel from east to west and from the outlying mountain region. People enroute to the land office, bank, and county seat always stopped overnight, coming and going.

One old gent by the name of Bradley always had a full demi-john when returning from town. He carried his liquor both inside the "jug" and out. He drove a team of "fleabitten roans" and the seat of his pants looked for all the world like a Dutch family had moved out. He always slept in the barn.

The country was building up and people who homesteaded twenty or thirty miles or more in the mountains always stopped on their way to the county seat at Hailey. One of these families I shall call Oliver, consisting of the man, his wife, and a son about nine or ten years of age. They were people whom we children thought a little different from the ordinary everyday mill-run, so we were all ears when they were talking. The woman was very religious and loved to discuss topics of this nature. After the evening work was finished, we were sent to bed. My brother and I would hide out within ear shot of the conversation when Mrs. Oliver was a guest. I remember one evening when she was discussing Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. Mother and she were of different opinions as to why they were expelled from the garden. Mrs. Oliver was very much put out with mother and her reasoning: "God damn it, Mrs. Ward, the Lord found them indulging in the facts of life and banished them from the Garden." We had hidden behind a heavy curtain and there we sat. Mother found us, boxed our ears, and sent us off to bed. I have never since heard of this being the cause of their expulsion although I am inclined to think this rather harsh treatment due to the fact that there were so many good apples in that orchard.

There was another neighbor living some thirty miles over the mountains. She and her husband came there and home-

steaded about 1888 or 1889. They were all fixed financially and raised Shorthorn and Durham cattle. After a few years her husband was attracted to another woman, a blonde. He left his wife, whom I shall call Mrs. Rook.

She was a very unusual person, dark, and with a way with men and women alike. We children adored her. Consequently, we were made very happy when she would drive her nice black team and top buggy into our yard, generally enroute to Hailey. On one such trip she was all crippled up. One of her feet was bandaged, and she left the buggy seat in great agony and pain. We helped her into the house. Mother was in Hailey, so I had to see what I could do to relieve her suffering. The toe nail of her right big toe was torn almost off and had been bleeding a great deal. After removing the bandage, I begged her to let me cut the toenail off and loose from her foot. She liked her liquor, and after about three good shots of "Old Crow," she became mellow and said, "God damn it, go ahead, cut the whole damn foot off." 'T wasn't very long before she was more comfortable. Then I asked her how she had become injured. She said, "I have a damn hussy old cow out of good milk stock, a three-year-old with her first calf, and she is the meanest thing I have ever seen on four legs. The men refuse to milk her, for she kicks and bunts them around. The calf can't take all the milk. So I had the men snub her to a post while I milked her. Last night after I had gone to bed I dreamed I was milking her and she kicked me. Not to be outdone, I returned the kick and woke up to find I had kicked a log in my cabin wall and had torn my toe to pieces." After she had consumed several drinks of liquor, I put her to bed. The next morning she left for home. She lived to be a real old lady. We were always good friends and neighbors.

In 1898 there was a good market for horses in North and South Dakota because of the building of railroads. Large herds

of horses were driven east, and all horses were taken along if they were on range. We lost a number of good horses to these herds. There were numerous horse thieves who were also active in stealing any good horse-flesh they could get their hands on. They had a hangout in the Pahsimoroi Valley, in a basin where one could see for miles around and never be caught napping. The law was several days' ride through the mountains. Consequently, they carried on their horse stealing for some time. These men, aside from being thieves, were in general polite, courteous individuals. They would stop, always after dark, stake their saddle horses in a pasture among the trees and about one-fourth of a mile from our ranch buildings. Saddle and all riding equipment were hidden in the brush nearby, and if they stopped for the night, they would ask for a bed in the small bunkhouse nearest to their horses.

The law was looking for most of these men. One, a nice-looking, dark fellow with a southern accent, had a big price on his head. In those days, we never asked a man's name or where he was from. It was better not to know the details.

This southerner came very late one night with two other men who had stopped several times before. After caring for their horses, they came into the house and had supper. They never asked what they owed. Each one left more than enough money under his plate. Morning found them gone. Breakfast was served at six in the morning. While we were still eating, a posse rode into the yard on the trail of these men, whom they had tracked for miles until they crossed the river a couple of miles up the valley from the house. The men of the posse ate breakfast and after asking a great many questions left. We had no way of knowing that we had fed and lodged the men they might be looking for. To my knowledge, they never "caught up" with the one I called the southerner. I have always re-

joiced about this, for a poor little hay-seed girl had fallen in love—never to see him again.

Shortly after this, two men broke jail in Hailey and rewards were posted for their capture. One was being held for murder, the other for trying to wreck the main-line train a short distance from Shoshone, Idaho. The sheriff and several deputies, likewise numerous cowboys and farmers, were out riding for the fugitives. Mother had some business in Era and asked me to go along. When we reached the Martin postoffice on our return trip, we found the sheriff and four deputies all agitated. They had seen one of the men but he had given them the slip. They had come into Martin for horse feed and also a little food for themselves, and here we left them.

We were driving good fast horses and riding in a white-top hack. We had picked up several sacks of bullion (gold dust) at Era, consigned to the bank in Hailey, besides considerable mail. We had traveled about eight miles from Martin postoffice, when I glanced toward the hills on my right and saw a man. He was perhaps fifty yards distant when he signaled us to stop. Mother was driving. She came to a stop and he came close to the roadside. He was just a young chap about nineteen years of age. His clothes were a sight. He had no shoes and his feet were bleeding. He asked for food. Mother looked at him a second and said. "Young man, get up into this seat. If I am not mistaken, you are wanted by the law. Get up here! I will feed you, and if you are not the man I think you are I'll take you wherever you wish to go." She put him between herself and me and away we went. When we arrived at the ranch Mother called one of our reliable cowboys to escort "our passenger" into the house and keep an eye on him. Supper was about to be served. After he had washed his face and hands, they seated him at the table with his back to the window.

We had about finished our meal when there was a great commotion out in the yard. The sheriff and his deputies had the other fugitive. Later they ate, and fed their prisoner, who was a nice-looking boy twenty years of age. I felt very badly, for the poor fellow was convicted of murder and sentenced for life. After spending thirty-three years at the Big House in Boise, he was pardoned. I saw him several times while he was there. He was in charge of the shoe factory. With part of the reward, mother bought a Singer sewing machine, which I am told is still in use.

My mother was a very fine woman. Her word was law with her family and most other folks. She possessed an iron will and a great determination. She was greatly respected by all. She filled several minor political offices and her opinion was solicited by both friend and foe.

An old fellow came along one evening, had supper, and stopped for the night. After breakfast he went fishing and stayed on for a week. This was unusual, so we kids began to wonder about him. Although Mother had never seen him before, we weren't taking any chances on another stepfather. One day when he came back from fishing (Mother was away to a meeting), we decided to put the facts plainly before the gent. My brothers had done a great deal of talking, but when it came to talking to him, that seemed up to me. I hinted around to the fact that we had had a stepfather, but never again would we allow any man to take up residence on our ranch. He didn't seem the least perturbed by our line of talk. We said, "Should any man try to marry our mother, we would use the riding quirt on him and take him for a long ride out of the country." This conversation took place at the supper table with Liz and her husband present. Believe me, he left that night after paying his past week's room and board. Next morning, someone told my mother about this table conversa-

tion. She was very much ashamed of us, I believe, but afterwards we had many a good laugh over our putting that old gent on a "midnight run." At least that was the last we ever saw of him. Also, we were never bothered with any would-be stepfather guests.

There were several nice groves of trees on the ranch along the river. In the largest grove we had a moveable dance floor. Hundreds of people came here to celebrate the Fourth of July and, later on, the twenty-fourth of July. We had a flag pole in our yard where the colors were displayed on national holidays and could be seen for a long distance down the valley. We always had several would-be race horses that belonged to us children. How we would train for the mile relay race! We saddled and mounted every quarter mile. We were good riders and plenty fast. I won the purse of fifty dollars twice, so Mother decided to let the boys get into the money. This caused me to feel badly, but there was nothing I could do about it. I lived for the time I could leave home. I guess I was like my father, as Mother often told me when she was angry. I didn't seem to fit into my mother's affections as her other children did. One time I had a plain new dress. One of our neighbors came and remarked, "How pretty you look." Mother answered her, saying, "She never could be pretty no matter what you dress her in. She is my 'ugly duckling.'" The neighbor asked Mother not to talk that way, that I could never be ugly with my beautiful eyes. Needless to say, I felt badly and as if I were an outsider. I have always felt I was found in a haystack and that she raised me for a farmhand. She trusted me to keep check on the cattle. I always knew the number of cows, beef, and calves we had on the range and could rope, earmark, and brand like one of the range riders. I kept the time

book and paid the men by check. Mother never questioned my ability. I have always felt that she really depended on me a great deal.

Numerous single men emigrated with the Latter Day Saints converts into our valley, coming from England, Scotland, and the Scandinavian countries. The thought paramount in their minds seemed to be a wife. They were as poor as "Job's turkey," nevertheless they seemed to have homing instincts. One of these "old goats" came calling on me. I was fourteen years old and by their standards of marriageable age. It was early in the spring and all of us, including Liz and her husband, were in the potato cellar, cutting potatoes for planting. Mother was in the house baking bread. He called at the house and told Mother that he had come to pay his respects to me and to ask for my hand in marriage. Mother, I guess, smiled and told him he would find me in the potato cellar, to go right ahead and propose. He came down the steps and into the pit. He was given to stammering and spitting. "I called on your mother, Lucy, and she directed me where to find you." I heard several snickers. "I rode up to ask you to marry me." I was so dumbfounded I could barely speak for a moment. "You did what?" "I came to ask you to marry me." How I laughed! "Get out of here and never show your face around here again," I told him. He left, and when he started up the steps he received a shower of rotten spuds.

Later I asked Mother why she told him where to find me. She laughingly said, "I knew you could take care of the situation yourself." There were numerous "old goats" around squatting in their homestead shacks. I was the oldest girl and received many "flattering proposals." Several of these same fellows married later and raised large families. One had told his wife how I had remarked when he proposed, "Get out of here and go home; you are disgusting to me."

A family homesteaded about four and a half miles south and east from us. They came from Utah and had so many kids, I do believe they put them through a chute each evening to see if they were all home. This woman had a sister, a red-headed English woman (just come over); she moved in with the family and before long gave birth to twin babies. They didn't seem to think too badly about her *find* and soon after, a rancher and neighbor of theirs married her. Poor thing, she had a terrible life with him. He would beat and choke her until she couldn't talk, and when she couldn't do the milking and housework, he would lock her in the barn. We had heard about his brutal treatment of both her and her babies. Still it was difficult for her to get help as long as she remained with him. She was about to be confined, when one day I rode into their ranch where the house stood on an island. I called but got no reply. From the way my horse acted, I knew there was someone around; so I rode over to the barn and called. She was locked in. A padlock was on the outer door. She had her twins with her and they were asleep. I asked her where he was. She said he had gone to Hailey early that morning and would be back that night. I asked her if she wished to get out. She replied she did. I dismounted and broke the lock from the door with an axe. She came out with her babies. They were sweet, cute little fellows. She told me she wished to leave and asked me if there was any way she could get to the train, which was twelve miles over the mountains. I decided to take her home with me and let her start from there. I found an old gray mare in the barn. She mounted her bareback and carried one of the babies. I tied a bundle of their clothes to my saddle, then took the other baby and home we went. Mother listened to her story, then told her not to worry, that she wouldn't be bothered with him unless she chose to be.

The next morning she was a passenger on the down train to

her home in Utah. He never knew just how she escaped. She married in Colorado several years later and was the mother of fourteen children. She wrote to us for years and was a very nice person. He was more like an animal than a human being and got himself into several scrapes. He seemed to have the idea he was "God's gift to women."

One of our neighbors owned several hundred head of cattle. They wintered south in the Hagerman valley and in the spring would move up into our valley. They had eight children, two pairs of twins. One pair was born in the Hagerman valley that summer. When the wild currants were ripe, the mother took her small babies and her other small boy and girl, also an Indian squaw who worked for them, and went horseback to pick currants. When they arrived at a place where the currants were best, they put the babies in the shade and proceeded to pick. After they had filled their bags, they started back to where they thought the babies were—but no babies! Meanwhile, the horses had been feeding and had gotten a long way from the currant bushes. They looked in vain. Finally the squaw said, "Me go get dogs." After what seemed ages she returned with two cattle dogs and three cowboys. The squaw wrapped a diaper around one of the dogs and said, "Go find the baby." Away they went and they got a long ways from where they started before they began to bark. The two little fellows were crying and in a terrible state, wet and hungry.

When ten years later her other twins were born, she was in our valley. I had gone down to their ranch to get a horse that had strayed. As I rode into the yard, the husband met me at the gate. "My God," he said, "my wife is having some children. She has two already." They were our neighbors for years and were real fine folks. A great many of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren still live in Idaho.

In about ten years the valley became thickly populated. All available land had been filed on, fences strung across our old trails leading to the mountains and the settlement down the valley. I carried a pair of wire pinchers for these emergencies, always putting the fence up after going through. The old feeling of independence was slowly leaving us.

Hailey, Idaho, was a wide open rip-roarin' mining town and the county seat from the beginning of statehood. Ketchum, sixteen miles to the north, was the head of railway transportation. Ore was hauled here to be shipped from Sawtooth City, Bay Horse, Copper Basin Mining Company in Copper Basin, and the Vienna on Smiley Creek in the Salmon River Valley, as well as a number of mines in the Washington Basin.

A colored man, George Blackman, with a party of miners arrived in Washington Basin in the summer of 1879 via the Salmon River side of the valley. By following a creek into the mountains they finally entered this basin and called this creek Fourth of July Creek, for that was the date they finally found the basin with its rich ore. Mr. Blackman remained at the mine for years, where we visited him in 1920, while on a deer hunt in Germania Basin. He had been born in slavery. My first remembrance of him was when I was about three years of age. He had come to our ranch while prospecting and stopped over night. He asked to eat his meals on the back porch and to sleep in the haystack. On the many visits we had from him in after years, he would never sit at the table with us. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. He had no relatives that he knew of, but when he struck pay numerous persons showed up claiming relationship. He sent them on their way. He lived at the basin until he was close to a hundred years of age. He always had several miners with him. The mine was never worked to capacity; they took out just enough ore to get by on. He was one of Idaho's sterling characters.



George Blackman, the colored man in Washington Basin.



Old Dan's cabin on Middle Fork of the Salmon.

In the early mining history of the Wood River Valley, there were several men who operated freight outfits. The roads were mere trails, but in this manner the ore was all hauled to the railhead. Ketchum was a lively town, with several saloons and restaurants and a large trading house. The wagons were loaded here with supplies for the return trip to the mines. There was a portion of the town laid out in a sporting district, where several gamblers and sporting girls met their demise.

Bradford and Bellevue were five miles south of Hailey. For years there was rivalry between these towns over the county seat. Especially Hailey and Bellevue. After several years of scrapping, they finally gave Hailey the seat.

Bradford, the home of the Minnie Moore mine, at one time was a real boom town. The "Old Girl," as the Minnie was called, paid millions, and they are still hopeful, after years of prospecting, of getting several million more although the mine has been closed down for some time. As a child, I used to go with my mother to Bradford where she sold eggs, butter, and other ranch produce to the miner boarding-houses. How I loved to visit these places, and I generally promoted a slice of pie or cake for being friendly and polite.

My first year in school at Hailey was a full one. I have never had to work so hard since then, and it seemed I didn't do enough. One day running home from school, I cut across several lots where there had been a fire years before. I caught one of my feet on some object and down I went, bruising my knees and my hands. After reaching home, I quickly cleaned up and did my usual lunch work. When I came back home that evening, I decided to walk back over the place where I had fallen and find out what had caught my foot. There had been a saloon on this spot, which had burned down. The miners used gold dust in those days in lieu of money; in weighing it, they had spilled amounts of gold dust from time to

time. I found a large slab of melted glass and several copper shells; these were all stuck together in a large flat piece—rather a conglomeration of stuff. I carried it home, went in the back door, and left it in the woodshed. After I had finished my work for the evening, I brought it into the kitchen, where I asked the man of the house to look at it. After looking it over for some time, he said that he would send it to Boise to be assayed and find out what there was in it. That night I took it up to my room and hid it. The next noon I took it to S. M. Friedman, whom I felt I could trust; he loaned me money to send it to Boise, and, glory be, there was two hundred and seventy-seven dollars in that mess of rubble. I felt like a millionaire, paid for the express, and opened my first bank account. I was very happy indeed. I kept still about my good luck so was able to keep all my money. When school was over in June, I was seventeen. I had a good job in the hospital, a dollar a day besides room and board. There had been a middle-aged woman doing this work and she was worn out, so I got the place. I was out of bed at five in the morning, built fires and got breakfast, washed the stairs down while the others were eating, cleaned the floors upstairs, then did the dishes and by eleven o'clock had the washing out. I worked all summer, never asking for my salary—for the hospital was owned and operated by a doctor by the name of Nourse. Shortly before I was to enter school for the fall term, I asked the doctor if I might have the money and he said, "I will not pay you a dollar a day. Why you are just a child and the lady whose place you have taken was a mature woman. I will pay you fifty cents a day and that is all." After telling him that I had done the same work the woman did, and more besides, he didn't change and I wouldn't settle for fifty cents per day. I went to see an attorney who coached me in high school mathematics, J. J. McFadden. He was very deaf but a wonderful person who

was always a friend to those needing him. I told him the score and did he vituperate! He took down all the data. The next day he asked me to come to his office. The doctor was there and when he said, "Why Lucy is just a girl, I certainly will not pay her a dollar a day," the attorney asked him who did the work. The doctor said I had. So he was told to pay the claim or abide by the consequences. Needless to say, he paid. I learned a lesson from this experience. In after years, I always collected every thirty days.

Atlanta, likewise Rocky Bar, are north and west from Hailey in the steep, rugged mountains. The town of Atlanta is a pretty place on the south bank of the middle fork of the Boise River, with old Grey Lock in the foreground. Here gold was found in large amounts, and a road was built into this mountain region in 1860 over three high mountain ranges, where the snowfall was tremendous. The stages carrying passengers and supplies came from Boise via Mountain Home, Dixie, and Rocky Bar. Rocky Bar, a placer camp, was about twenty-five miles south of Atlanta, was served by the stage lines, and was the county seat for several years for an area which embraced Camas and Alturas Counties. In the late spring of 1889 the stage was held up and robbed, a short distance from Dixie, by two masked robbers on horseback. After relieving the passengers of their money and valuables, they took the strong box which held seventy-five thousand dollars in gold bullion. They then rode into the mountains nearby, north and east toward the head of Spring Creek. While they were trying to get away from the scene of the robbery, they ran afoul of Sheriff Furey and several of his deputies. There was an exchange of shots. Two deputies were wounded and one of the robbers was shot in his hip and leg but got away from the sheriff's party. Late that fall, after a light snow, the sheriff and posse picked up some tracks a short distance from Galena, which they followed

for about one-eighth of a mile. This led them toward the headwaters of the Big Wood River. Here a man sat fishing through the ice. As he glanced up and saw them approaching, he reached for his rifle, which rested near at hand. The sheriff called to him to "stick up his hands." This he refused to do, so he was shot through the heart.

A miner's log cabin stood a short distance to the right, and to this cabin his trail in the snow led. They now approached the cabin cautiously. They could see only one set of tracks leading off the cabin porch in the snow. Here they called to whoever by chance was in the cabin, to "Come Out." There was no answer, so they opened the door and entered with guns drawn to find the cabin free from human inhabitation, with things in order and clean. They found food, such as dry beans, bacon, coffee, flour, salt, dried fruit and numerous other articles. All food seemed to have been bought within the past month, the amount indicating that a "long stay" had been anticipated. One man was put on guard so that if there was another fugitive, he would not walk in on them. After searching the cabin and a leanto shed, they carried the body up near the cabin. This man was a good looking chap about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with black wavy hair, many gold fillings in his teeth, nice well-kept hands and feet. He was about six feet tall and would weigh about one hundred eighty pounds. His clothing was well tailored and of good material. There were two good saddles, chaps, bridles, and two nice coiled up ropes. The two horses in the brush corral were badly in need of food, so they were turned out to forage, while the men prepared dinner and then proceeded to bury the outlaw. They dug a grave a short distance behind the cabin. They then looked in his pockets, where they found a crudely drawn map of a small area with the numbers 1-2-3-4 at different points. There was also a picture of a pretty young woman and a curl

of golden hair with the picture. There were several twenty dollar gold pieces, also a number of gold certificates in the cabin. The horses showed signs, by "sweat" marks, of having been ridden recently, and the sheriff decided that this chap had just returned from a trip where he had purchased food and two sacks of oats for the horses. After searching in the timber for tracks and other indications of a second man, they brought the horses to the cabin and saddled them, taking all the clothing, chaps, and riding material with them, and headed back to Hailey, a good two days' ride. It had been snowing for some time, and it was now falling in a wet heavy blanket. When they arrived in Hailey and showed the map to a number of parties, excitement was running high for they thought this map indicated the location where the "strong box" was buried. That following winter the snow fell to a depth of eight feet on the valley floor, with extremely cold weather; consequently, the spring was slow in coming so that one could not get over the trails and roads in the high country. About May thirteenth a large party of horsemen, with pack outfits, started from Hailey. They encountered deep snow in a great many places which slowed them down. After eight hard miserable days and nights, they reached Galena and the cabin by the roadside in the trees. Here with the aid of a deputy sheriff who was in the party, they unlocked the cabin door and moved in. Each day these men searched for the strong box. Finally they discovered a grave in some brush and trees a short distance from the cabin, where the first snow had formed a large drift, which completely covered the grave and appeared to have been made not too long ago. At the head of the grave was a large white stone, flat on the upper side; on this had been written, "May God have mercy on your soul." They dug and dug for the grave was very deep and was lined with pine boughs. They lifted the body out with a great deal of work

and trouble and found that the poor fellow had died from gun shot wounds in his hip and leg, which was hanging in shreds. How the poor chap must have suffered without medical care, alone with his partner in crime high up in the mountains. They put the body back in the carefully made grave and after covering it up, they decided to move the other body and bury it alongside. Here, about one hundred ten feet from our new highway, they sleep. May God in his goodness have mercy on their souls. They no doubt "paid their bills" in full.

In the late spring of 1898 two men dressed as prospectors, riding good horses, with a string of pack mules loaded with regular prospector's equipment, came to the ranch and stopped for several days, pastured the horses and mules, while they fished and lounged around in their cabin. These fellows were good looking, and their hands were those of gentlemen; they were very neat and clean, even shaved each morning, something out of the ordinary. While they were still our guests, a party of people, riding in a buckboard and driving a spanking black team, came one evening at supper time. The party consisted of two women about thirty years of age, and a young chap about twenty. They all seemed to be related and well to do. The next morning they continued west as soon as breakfast was over. That same afternoon our prospectors pulled out going north into the mountains. After they left, one of our cowboys remarked that all five of these people knew each other, although they never let on that they had ever met before. Those folks in the buckboard went on to Galena via Bellevue, Hailey, and Ketchum, while the would-be prospectors cut through the mountains where the Muldoon River joins the Little Wood. Here they crossed the divide into Bellevue and joined the other party at Galena the same afternoon they had arrived. At the old town of Galena were several cabins, hay for horses, oats, a general store, a nice place to

eat and sleep. Here they established headquarters and each day bright and early found them up and climbing around. Sometimes they would fish, then again they would spend a whole day at a time near the cabin where the graves were, on the hillside.

The miner who owned this cabin had returned and was living there. The ladies entertained him, even cooking his dinner. The men folks were looking around, stepping off distances, and counting trees from a certain point. They also found the graves, especially the women folks, who gathered wild flowers and placed them on the white rock which still serves as a headstone. After five days, they all left, going back the way they had come. Upon reaching the ranch they put on bathing suits and swam the deep river near by. The men put in an appearance the next day. After eating their evening meal, they asked to see the "boss," or rather my mother. The two men asked for a larger wagon so that they could all be together on the return trip to Omaha. They wished to trade in the buckboard on this deal and pay some cash to boot. Mother called to me to look their wagon over. This I did with the help of our blacksmith, who found things about it in very good running order. I reported back my findings and as we had two white-top hacks of different vintage, I told them they could have the four-year-old one, providing they would give us two hundred dollars to boot. They were very glad to do this and handed me two hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold notes. We never asked their names, and the next morning early they loaded their "duffel" into the "white top" and left. We had no way of knowing where they had been between their trips to the ranch. Several years rolled by before the strong box was found in Big Wood River. The lid was missing and the box looked as if it had been roughly handled and pried open.

We could not help connecting these people with those "two lonely graves by the roadside" and the mutilated strong box.

In the late seventies, a man by the name of Hydike from Boise appointed himself sheriff. He and his deputy held up and robbed the Atlanta and Rocky Bar stages for months before being caught and hanged in a grove of trees near Rocky Bar. Jay Gould and a party of friends took a trip into Atlanta by stage. While there, they climbed old Grey Lock Mountain, went fishing in the middle fork of the Boise, enjoying every minute of their stay in the pretty little town in Idaho's wilderness. After leaving Atlanta they stopped at Rocky Bar for several days to watch the placer miners work. Here they met and mingled with the townspeople, having a good time in general. On their stage enroute to Boise were two sporting girls. Gould and five other men, from their general appearance, were men of means. This stage also carried a "strong box" containing a hundred thousand dollars in gold bullion. The stage driver was considered a lucky fellow, for he had made a great many trips without being robbed. The road after leaving Rocky Bar skirted the valley on the east side for about four miles, then abruptly turned and crossed a deep canyon where the quaking aspen stood in dense groves and a small stream of water trickled over the rocks of the creek bed. Here the road made a quick turn to the left along a dugway with a thick growth of trees and brush on the right and steep upper side. Here three robbers stopped the stage. The armed guard raised his rifle to shoot and was killed on the spot. One man took charge of the four horses while the other two ordered the passengers out into the road. One of the sporting girls, a madam, had plenty of time to remove her diamonds and slip them into her hair in the top of her big hat, which was secured to her hair with a long sharp hat pin; they were not found by the bandits. When Gould stepped out, one of the

robbers called to the other saying, "Yes, that is the big shot. Give him a kick in the seat of the pants." When the fellow did this, Gould became very angry and abusive, for which he had his face slapped by one of the ruffians, who had taken his watch, ring, and money. The girls turned over their valuables which were not hidden away. They watched the robbers closely, feeling all the while that they had seen them before. After going through the passengers, the robbers threw the armed guard's body over into the brush, after picking his pockets and removing his gun. They then took the strong box, passing up the United States mail, with the remark, "We do not rob mail sacks." After removing the "strong box," they ordered the passengers into the stage. They told the driver to "get going" and to keep going south through the valley to Dixie, a great many miles away.

Three days later, the sheriff and posse cornered them in the hills north and east of Boise. When the smoke cleared away, two of the robbers were dead and four men of the posse were wounded. The third robber was taken prisoner, all the money and jewelry were returned to the passengers, who had gone to Boise to await the capture. Gould identified the robber at once, and jumped over a chair and smashed him in the face saying, "Take that, you miserable cur." After a very short trial, he was sentenced to a very long term in "Big House." He was pardoned after serving about twenty years and remained in and around Boise, where it was supposed that the strong box was buried. After four or five months he completely disappeared and for several years he was believed to have either died or gone to South America. Not this fellow, for here he came to the ranch twenty-seven years after the hold up! He was driving a nice team and buggy, was wearing nice clothes, and had a lady friend with him. They remained for a week or so, hunting and fishing, and told our cook, Liz, that they

had been married six months, also that they had met in Boise in the penitentiary when both were serving time. Guess it was a case of "birds of a feather." They left the ranch one night, late. They had been away all day and returned late. Liz prepared food for them, and they asked for their bill, saying they were leaving at once while it was cool traveling.

Ten years later, I recognized him on the water front in Seattle. He never noticed me, so I watched to see what he was doing or where he was going. His clothes were tailored and good looking and he had a prosperous air about him. He went into an office on Coleman dock and I noticed him talking to an office man whom I knew, so I waited. He bought a steamship ticket, talked a few minutes, and went out. I stepped in and asked to see the list of passengers, after finding out the boat he was taking. He was using another name and had a wife. He was bound for Fairbanks, Alaska. No doubt he had disposed of the contents of the strong box having had this converted into gold money. I never saw him again. I have always felt that he, too, has paid his bill by worry and disgrace.

Soon after going to Boise in 1901, I met and married Charles Hathaway, a nice man but many years my senior. The following year our son was born. We called him Bert. Charles seemed to love us very much, although at times he would stray, leaving us for several days at a time. Then home he would come broke! "He loved not wisely but two-hundred well." After a couple of years, I left him and went to work as cashier in Gerald's restaurant, in Seattle, where we had moved. Here after twelve hours of taking cash, I attended business school from seven in the evening until eleven. After six months I secured a position with a mill company where I could have my baby with me. Later I left to teach in a government school in Alaska.

I have never found the peace and happiness that was so dear to me as a child. Often, after I had grown to womanhood I would go home, back to the ranchhouse on the banks of the Little Wood River and to my old friends, Aunt Jane and Uncle Alf. Often we would saddle up and ride into the high mountains and get a nice buck deer if the season was open, shoot a mess of chickens, or catch a string of speckled beauties from the clear cold water of the Little Wood. After these dear friends passed on, the place never seemed the same. Perhaps this was partly due to myself, for in the passing years I had moved to the West coast, and later to Alaska. After several years in the North, I returned to Idaho. In the meantime Mother had sold the old ranch and was living on a homestead in the mountains. Here there were several other tracts of land, so I filed on a six forty range homestead three miles north and east from Mother's place. After attending to this land business, I found that I would have a whole year's time before I had to "move on" to prove up. The time was July, 1914. During the past years, a life-time friend of mine had married a forest ranger. They were now living at Pole Creek in the Salmon River Valley. She and I had planned to take a jaunt into some part of Idaho's wilderness. Now the time was just right. I made arrangements with Mr. Williams at Stanley for riding horses and saddles to be sent to the Ranger Station on Rapid Creek above Sea Foam, where we would go by car with our riding togs. He also sent oats for the horses and some lunch, good bacon and coffee, for use in case we cared to camp along the trail where the fish were plentiful in the numerous brooks and rivers. I had driven over Galen Summit the day before we were to leave and was at the Pole Creek station when Mr. Williams phoned. The horses were at the Rapid Creek Ranger Station and "rarin' to go." We left Pole Creek at the break of day, loaded for a two weeks trip into the wilder-



Author's homestead cabin, west fork of Fish Creek.



Boyle's Ranch on Loon Creek.

ness. Our first day's objective was Boyle's ranch on Loon Creek, about twenty miles through dense forests of pine, fir, jackpine, and balsam. Our horses were trained for mountain trails, also packing. We had a good early start, so we stopped at ten-thirty for a sandwich and we put the nose bags on the horses. We each carried a 30-30 rifle in saddle scabbards and a six-shooter in the pocket of our chaps, all loaded for bear. The trail was well marked by blazed trees. We crossed numerous small creeks, where we drank of the cold clear mountain water and watched schools of fish feeding on the gravel bars in the bottom of the stream. We arrived at Boyle's early in the evening, where there were several people from Boise stopping. One of the party, a young school professor, became quite interested in us, due, I always thought, to the fact that we could handle guns and catch fish. He asked to go along with us on our many-sided trip from the ranch. We found him a good sport, but he did not "savvy" when it came to saddling a horse, let alone getting up on the "hurricane deck," always mounting from the wrong side, and falling off should the horse make an unexpected move. All in all, he was fun. I was then a young buxom widow, not too bad to gaze upon; youth and health are appreciated by even the most fastidious. One day we left the ranch early to spend the day over in the lost Packer mine district and to visit with a dear old man who had been caretaker of this property for many years. He was an English gentleman; a colored man was his sole companion.

After the miners and their families had moved away, each evening he dressed for dinner which the colored man had prepared and placed on a snow-white table with heavy silver and dainty china. The owners of this mine were of the English nobility, so the story goes. A large fortune in gold was mined here, and then, as in other such rich producers, it pinched out. There are still several nice homes near by and the house of

our old friend is still standing after sixty years or so of mountain snows and foul weather. A few years ago while on Loon Creek, I drove up the canyon off the main road to look over this old camp. There wasn't a soul around. I parked my car and went over to the cabin, where I had spent so many happy hours. It was fastened with a padlock, and as I stood in his old flower garden, I chanced to glance over in the farther corner. There was a grave marker indicating where his colored man had been buried two years before his master.

There were a great many bear in the mountains around Loon Creek. Quite often they became bold, coming down into the meadows where they would kill beef or calves. There had been several calves killed that spring and summer, but no bear had been taken; so one evening around the fires, we all decided to go on a real bear hunt the next morning. There were eight of us. The professor couldn't ride well enough and was smart enough to realize it, so he remained at home. There were four dogs along. One tiny fox terrier proved to be a "real bear chaser." We had gone perhaps a mile when the dogs began to roar on all fronts. They took out across a small meadow and disappeared into a thicket of salal and scrub balsam. Here they simply "raised cain." I put the spurs to my horse, who seemed to resent being sent forward, for shortly he refused to go on. I knew then that the dogs had some wild animals for sure. The trees were too small for a retreat, so the dogs were keeping them busy, especially the two smaller dogs. I didn't care to dismount; so we all rode around the timber to where we could see the show. There were three brown bears. One seemed to be big as a mountain. The dogs had nipped and bothered them until they were "bawling." The tiny dog had hold of the tail of the big boy. She must have been chewing on it, for he was trying to get her unseated. Finally he rolled over, but the dog was off and gone



Author on Galena Summit, 1914.



Robinson Bar on the Salmon River, July 9, 1918.



Galena store. Returning from deer hunt.



Kilpatrick sheep outfit leaving Mrs. Beaver's roadhouse. June, 1915.

by the time he was down. After watching the show from a safe distance, we decided to shoot. Elizabeth shot first, hit a dead center, and the bear never moved. I insisted that some of the men take a shot, which they did, and missed. I clipped another bear in the ear, and did he bellow and charge around. I gave him a dead center and then there was still the huge one, the papa of them all, to dispose of. He seemed to sense that it was his turn next, for he simply reared up in the air and came charging toward us. The dogs changed his mind, also his course. They pulled tufts of hair out of his hide, and again the tiny dog grabbed his tail. He turned broadside to us and several bullets hit a vital spot, while the little pooch held on. How we laughed! This bear weighed around four hundred pounds.

Since we were to leave these nice companions in a couple of days we decided to fish and get some grouse a few miles up the valley, where the professor could go along and fish. I had borrowed a .22 special rifle at the ranch to shoot hens. We had fun and he caught a basket full of nice trout. We had a real supper of grouse and fish.

The night before we were to leave, I was astonished when the professor asked me if he might write to me. He was a very nice man, but I had become man shy, besides being very busy. We left very early in the morning with our pack horses tailed to our saddle horses. We traveled along singing, happy as larks, when suddenly Elizabeth's horse let out a "snort," reared up on his hind legs and simply "caved" around. She was about two hundred feet in the lead. My horse reared and tried to back up. I struck him with my spurs, but he still refused to go ahead. We decided to get our guns in readiness in case we were approached by an unfriendly animal. Soon we heard the most blood-curdling noise, which seemed to come from up on the mountain side. No doubt by the sound of brush

being trampled and broken down, this animal was big and mighty, with "blood in its eye." Here the large balsam trees stood rather close together, and there was an undergrowth of bushes, which obliterated our vision, but the noise was simply scaring us stiff. I had been able to back my horse a few feet, when I saw a sight that simply paralyzed me. A huge bull elk headed for me on the trail. He first came into sight at about seventy-five foot distance. I spoke to my horse while I raised and sighted. Elizabeth had done likewise when he came into her view. Down he fell, shot through the heart and head. After being hit, he jumped into the air, landing a few feet from the trail. He was a beautiful big fellow.

We cut his throat so that he would bleed good, his hind quarters being much higher than his head. We decided to back track to the ranch, a distance of three miles, so that the meat would be taken care of. They were surprised to see us back so soon. We were on the trail again shortly with four men from Boyle's ranch. These antlers still decorate the wall at the ranch, and many a time have guests been told how two women killed this big fellow when he was on fight.

We continued on our way, after a visit at the scene of the killing. We didn't feel like singing any more, so we let the horses plod along. At about ten o'clock we ate and put the nose bags on the horses. After about thirty minutes, we were again on the trail. We traveled about two hours, when I called to Elizabeth, who was in the lead. "Somehow I feel we are on the wrong trail," I told her. "We should have reached a high pinnacle of rock near the trail's end by now, and here we are in a forest of balsam and pine." The trail we were traveling showed signs of having been used in the last week or so. Horse tracks were visible in places where there was soft dirt. Decidedly, we were on the wrong trail. We talked the possibilities over and decided to go on, as the bear did, and see what

was on the other side of the mountain. We were in a beautiful wild country. We could feel, somehow, that we were getting near to another watershed. There was an abundance of beautiful flowers and grass, also patches of moss and low bushes. Finally the woods opened up ahead and we could see the sun and we knew at least that we were headed almost north. Finally the trail dropped down into a deep canyon. This was one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. We decided to call it a day and camp here. Our horses were camp broke and besides they liked their oats. We were soon unsaddled and had our tent up. Elizabeth grabbed her fishing tackle and before many minutes we had trout for supper. We were rather puzzled because we did not exactly know where we were. The trail was well traveled; so we decided to follow down the valley for an hour or so and see if possible where the trail ended. We broke camp after daybreak and after following the trail for about one half mile, we saw it took off to the left over a high rock saddle. We almost turned back here but decided to take a chance and go on. When we had climbed the grade and started the other side through the brush, we saw in the distance a column of smoke rising up through the bushes. In a few minutes the house was in sight off to the left, with several outhouses and a large barn a short distance to the right. One of the larger out-houses I took to be a bunkhouse. As we neared the main building, I called "Hello." In a second of time an old gentlemen appeared in the doorway. He asked us to alight and come in, that we were just in time for breakfast. When we were inside, he came over close to us for an instant. Whispering to us he said, "I am being held prisoner here by five escaped prisoners from California. Please get me help." The table was set for six people. This I noticed when we entered. He was a nice kindly old gent who had a placer claim near at hand. He gave us a cup of coffee after we had told of having had our

breakfast. We had just finished drinking this, when the men came into the cabin door. How they looked us over! Elizabeth said afterward that she was very much frightened by their looks. Not I. We thanked the old gentleman for the coffee and stepped out of doors, where one of the ruffians had stopped. He seemed to be the oldest of the five. As Elizabeth was about to pass him, he reached over and tried to lift her forty-four from the pocket in her chaps. He moved too slowly, and she shot him through his right foot. He cursed and fell over on his side while his partners ran to his aid. We left at once, going over to our horses. Elizabeth stood guard while I mounted and then I took over. We went back the way we had come and were soon upon the summit leading out of the valley. After about an hour on this trail, we came to a well traveled trail to our right, which proved to be the right one, for soon we were in sight of the ranger station on Rapid River. Mr. Williams was there awaiting our arrival. We stepped over to the station, where Elizabeth called her ranger husband. After telling him of our encounter with the ruffians, we listened in while he organized a posse of twenty-five men over the ranger phone. They were to leave at once for the Rapid River Station. From there they would go on to where Old Dan's placer camp was located. The next morning at break of day, they surrounded the bunkhouse and caught the men asleep, except the wounded prisoner, who was in a great deal of pain, and Old Dan, who was up starting the fire to cook the breakfast. They were all searched for guns, hand-cuffed, and locked in their saddles. They had taken all of Dan's summer clean-up amounting to several hundred dollars, and had divided it among them. The law had this all returned to Old Dan, who was very happy to get rid of the devils. After a few hours, they were at the Rapid River Station, and there an Epperson Jack Rabbit car was waiting to take them to jail.

They claimed they had become lost and were headed for Canada. They were returned to San Quentin penitentiary, where three were being held for murder. They had stolen several cars but were unable to get any firearms. The last car was stolen at Twin Falls, Idaho, and driven to Stanley Basin, where it was left without tires.

We straightened up accounts with Mr. Williams, thanked him for the nice horses he had supplied for our trip, then piled our riding togs and saddles into the Buick and took off for Ma Benner's roadhouse and a good supper of chicken and hot biscuit.

The Benners were truly Idaho's pioneers. They were among the first settlers in the Stanley Basin country. The first two years on the Salmon River, they spent placer mining in and around Yankee Fork, where they struck some pay dirt, making a good clean-up. After this played out, they decided to move on up the Salmon and establish a roadhouse and store which they operated for years and did well financially. Mrs. Benner always wore three strands of gold nuggets around her throat, night and day; these were pretty big nuggets, representing several hundred dollars. She was the "boss" in all matters. This we never questioned after being around her for a while. She was a good trader, and always kept her forty-five close at hand in case some ruffian would get tough. Her roadhouse was a clean, comfortable place to stop, if you could afford to linger. I believe they had two children. I am sure there was one daughter, who married and lived for years in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Benner passed away when nearly one hundred years of age. Mr. Benner disappeared. He, I suppose, got to be a tired old man and craved peace and quiet. Shortly after Mr. Brenner left, Mrs. Brenner built a two-story log house. There were bedrooms, and a big dance hall with a player piano upstairs. Here all the miners, their families, homesteaders, bachelors,

and people traveling through the country would stop for a week-end of dancing and pleasure. Mrs. Benner was very hospitable and a splendid cook. If she liked you, she loved you. This is where I came in. She couldn't see that I had any faults, and always called me "her sunshine." In my humble way, I would always try to make her happy. When I would come on my visits to Stanley, I would bring her the shoes she loved, hose, and handkerchiefs. One time I had gone horse-back across the Salmon and up in the foothills to a lake to fish. Here speckled trout were always waiting to be caught, it seemed—the best place for fishing I have ever found in my ramblings through the West. When I came back to the road-house and proceeded to a small creek that ran a short distance from the back door where I was busy cleaning the fish, a chap walked up and said "Hello." I answered in kind. He stood looking at me. Finally he said, "You seem to be quite a fisherman." I picked up my pan of fish and started for the back door, when he remarked, "I am going down the river to old Stanley. Come and take a ride with me." I thanked him and said that I was busy. At that point he grabbed my arm, causing me to drop my pan of fish. I didn't say a word but I slapped him across the face with the back of my hand with such force that he almost fell over backward. Mrs. Benner had been looking out the kitchen window when I slapped him for taking hold of me. She came out at once, and how she did talk to him! She reached for the broom, and gave him a bad time of it. How she did swear. Seems he had come while I was fishing and had registered for supper, a bed, and breakfast. She changed his plans by ordering him off the place, saying, "You fresh thing, don't you ever stop here again or I will horse whip you." We then looked over the names on the register. We found he was the son of a banker at Twin Falls. How we laughed. She certainly frightened him. (I have seen him many

times since. I have grown old and gray, and he has done likewise. I would like to ask him just what he had in his mind that afternoon.)

After a nice visit with our old friends, Elizabeth and I left and stopped a short distance down the river where there was a small house over a hot spring. Here we took a bath, shampooed our tresses, and while we sat by the road side drying out, a man and his wife from Hailey drove up. They surely laughed when they saw us, because they had heard about a trip we had taken to Boyle's and there getting lost and almost kidnapped by those convicts.

We reached Yankee Fork, where there was a great deal of activity. A big placer outfit was at work close to the mouth of the creek, while farther on there was an immense mine with a big mill and shaft house, and a long series of tramways extending clear across the valley. Here several hundred men were at work. Beyond this operation was Bonanza City, a real up-and-coming mining camp of maybe fifty log houses, a store, saloon, and dance hall. There were a number of "girls" in attendance to keep the boys from missing the comforts of home. I sat on a bench in front of the general merchandise store looking at this frontier picture and enjoying it, when one of the "girls" came over, and I recognized her. She had stopped at our stage station on the Little Wood River several years before enroute to Muldoon. I asked her to sit down, and we had a visit. She was a "sporting girl"; nevertheless, I liked her very much.

We left at about two o'clock that afternoon and soon reached Robinson's Bar, where we stopped for the night and had a bath in the out-door pool.

There were several couples there for the week-end from Salmon City and Pocatello. We found a spirit of kindness and hospitality with an abundance of delicious food. One thing

I didn't appreciate was that two "chicksales" were built over a cool mountain stream that emptied into one of the main fishing streams a short distance from "dumping ground." Really I think there should be a law against polluting mountain brooks, streams, and rivers. I expressed my displeasure to the operators of this otherwise lovely lodge. We drove on to Clayton—a beast of a road, bumps, rocks, and in some places mudholes. At last we came to the placer "diggings" where there were several shacks besides four big tents. Some operation this was. They would have a clean-up each evening of several hundred dollars. Here we again stopped with good old friends of long standing and I received a proposal of marriage. Poor me! I was always having man troubles. "The poor old goats" were always trying to tie me up! This was the source of a great deal of fun for those around me.

Early morning found us on the road. Challis was a short distance, so about nine o'clock came and we were on the main street. Court was in session, Challis being the county seat. A murder had been committed in Mackay several months before and two sporting girls were being held in the jail, charged with the crime. Seems a young fellow "big hat" had been brutally slain and robbed in a house of ill fame where these girls lived. One of these girls never stood trial. She had committed suicide the night before by hanging herself in the jail in Challis. The town was full of drunks, gamblers, sporting girls, all trying to see who could make the most noise. How we disliked the trouble-infested small town, so off we drove a short distance to the Challis hot springs where we met several old friends, ate fried chicken, and away we went bound for Salmon City on a very rough crooked road, over hills and valleys, through small creeks, into people's yards. We kept going like mad and finally reached our destination that evening, glad to be alive.

After a good night's rest, we drove up the Lemhi Valley road to Haye's ranch, where with some special friends we helped with a cattle roundup for a couple of days. Several cattlemen running large herds used the corrals and other facilities at this ranch. Several years had passed since Elizabeth and I had taken over a position in the roping corral. We really surprised ourselves, and others, rarely missing the mark. They put two splendid roping horses to one side for us two lady "cow punchers," never dreaming that we could do any roping or handle a horse in this tough, fast work. Really it was fun, after we had put our own saddles on these horses the first time, this being early in the morning, real snappy and cold. The horse I was to ride was full of "buck," and the gang well knew it. As I hit the saddle, he started his crow-footing and I gave him a good "roweling." Shortly he was "warmed up" and we rode into the large stock corral. I received a nice ovation; consequently, I had a reputation to live up to. There were ten cowboys branding and marking. Most of the stuff we had to rope was yearlings or calves, with a number of cows which were being vented. We enjoyed the old familiar smells of roundup time, especially the smell of the new brands, while the noise, almost deafening at times, added tempo to the picture. I had just roped a calf when the gate was opened and in came a wild range cow. The cowboys "cooned" that high pole fence in a big hurry, with her at their heels. Meanwhile, Elizabeth roped her by a hind leg and down she fell. She bawled and fought. I put my second rope on her horns, and soon she was as peaceful as a lamb. After ear-marking and branding her, everyone took to the high fences while we released our ropes. She got up, looked around, and charged at me. My horse side-stepped her, and she went after Elizabeth, with the same results. Finally, I rode over where one of the men handed me a

stockman's whip. A couple of lashes across the nose and she was soon headed for the gate. Out she roared, across the large stockyard, where she spied in the distance the cook who was hanging some dish towels on the line. Away she went. All that saved the cook's life was a pile of wood nearby, where she crawled upon the unevenly piled top while the cow was blowing down her neck; but when the cow tried to climb after her, she fell through between the small logs in the pile. While this commotion was going on, we were busy in the corral. One of the ladies in the house had heard the screaming and looked out. In an instant she darted around the house, then ran to the corral. Elizabeth returned to the house and put a rope on the hussy's horns and snubbed her to a post, after we had gotten her clear of the woodpile. She still was bawling and on the fight. We put a rope on her two hind feet and tied her up, figuring she would be meek by noon, when we would turn her out with the herd.

She seemed to have a different idea. She broke her rope on her hind legs, and then she charged at one of the men, the rope still on her horns. Her neck snapped and she fell dead.

After two days of hard labor, which we greatly enjoyed, we bade farewell to these fine pioneer cattlemen and their families and proceeded on via Armstead, Montana, enroute to Dillon, Montana, Duboise, Idaho, Market Lake, and on to Martin postoffice. At the last place we were only a short distance from what was later to become known as the Craters of the Moon. We stopped to visit at Deadman's Flat, now called Lava Lake. Here we had dinner with Bob and Ella Vance, who owned and operated a large spread a short distance from where the ranch building now stands. Mrs. Vance was a darling woman, kind and patient, with a family to raise, and always a crew of men to cook for. I shall never

forget her delicious sourdough biscuits and fried, home-cured ham. We took over, washed the dishes, and cleared up the dining room and kitchen. We then headed for Fish Creek, where my homestead was located and where I have several special friends. While eating supper at Stinson's, a couple of riders stopped and asked for me. They were two young men who had grown up in Blain County, Idaho, and were now homesteading across the valley. They asked me to go with them in the near future to kill a grizzly bear which had been making himself obnoxious. I laughed and remarked, "Why pick on me for bear bait." They then told me a great bear story with myself for heroine. Such imagination. Really there was not much truth to this fantastic yarn; although I had shot and killed several bears, there was nothing spectacular about my having done so that I knew of. After discussing this bear, which they spoke of as if it were nearby, I told them I would go with them in a week or ten days, provided they would furnish me a good saddle horse that was sure-footed and accustomed to mountain trails. Every thing was arranged, even to the smallest detail. The early morning found us on the road to the Pole Creek Ranger Station via Carey, Picabo, Bellevue, Hailey, Ketchum, and Old Galena City.

We visited along the way. A great many happenings had taken place since we had left, nearly three weeks before. When we had reached the station, and had eaten our supper, the ranger took over. A bear, a large brown male, had wandered within a short distance of the station one evening after dark. He had evil designs on a freshly killed lamb which the sheepmen had just dressed and pulled up into a pine tree. I had left my little foxterrier dog at the station and she had made things interesting for the bear, by pulling tufts of hair out of the bear's shaggy hide, and biting on the hind end and tail.

Finally to get away from the dog, Mr. Bruin climbed a tree near at hand but was unable to get far enough up but what the dog could still bite him on the rear. Shortly the ranger shot the bear. Several miles down the valley from the station, Clarke's Hot Springs and eating place was located. This was a very nice place to stop either for a meal or for several meals. A large round table seating about twenty people occupied the middle of the dining room. There was a series of benches set in a circle around the table, the middle of which revolved around where the food was placed so you could serve yourself. Very handy as well as unique. Here Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their son Paul lived for many years and were loved by all who knew them.

At present the Obsidian postoffice is near by. After several very pleasant days around the upper valley, I bade good-bye to my dear old friends, took my dog, and headed for the Wood River Country. I stopped at Picabo, Idaho, to visit my sister Margaret for a day or so, then on to Fish Creek for the big bear hunt. They were expecting me, so the next morning after my arrival, I was given my choice of saddle horses. I picked a large rangy bay which seemed gentle with good feet and almost new shoes. As I dragged my saddle towards him, he seemed to resent me; he snorted and reared back on his hind legs. I thought I had picked a bad one. After much talking and coaxing, I finally succeeded in saddling him. When I led him out to where the boys were grouped, they seemed very happy about something, talking and laughing, but stopped at once when I walked up. I was taking my little dog. She had learned to ride behind me on the horse with her little paws on the cantel of the saddle. I suspected that I had picked a poorly broken horse, so I asked one of the older boys about him. Sure enough, he had a bad reputation. I quickly unsaddled him, feeling that after all I was at fault for choosing him. One

of the boys saddled him but did not sit in the saddle very long. Mercy, how he could buck! In the end I was given a very nice horse. We started on a long hard trip into the mountains after a grizzly bear. My dog Rags sat up behind me like a little queen. As we climbed from the valley floor in the foothills and then reached the Muldoon Mountains, we called a halt, slipped the nose bags on the horses, and ate a little food ourselves. In about one-half hour we were again on the trail, and soon we came in sight of the place where the bear tracks had been seen. Here there was a large hole in the mountain side and to this we were headed. We were about one-eighth of a mile from this hole when our horses began to snort and cave around. I decided to put the dog down and see what she thought of the set-up. She sniffed the trail and took off with a growl. We watched her enter the cave and could hear her barking and growling. We knew she had something by the way she barked. Finally she came to the entrance with her mouth full of hair, spitting and growling. I called to her, but she went back into the cave; so we decided to take our rifles and close in. When we got to the entrance we lighted a lantern we had brought with us and shined it into the cave. Rags was pulling and growling and we could hear some bear cubs crying. We then decided the mother was away; so while I stood guard the boys rushed the cave and soon returned with two cute little grizzly cubs about a week old. We left on the run with the cubs, but when we were near our horses, we were made to understand that those cubs did not "rate a ride," so I tailed the extra horses while the riders walked and carried the cubs. We had gone, perhaps, three miles when the horses and Rags, the dog, began to roar on all fronts. I let the dog to the ground and away she charged across the deep valley where we saw a sight never to be forgotten. The mother grizzly was under a full head of steam, coming over the mountain side. The boys drop-

ped those cubs like they were hot potatoes and made a run for their horses which were tailed to my horse. How they slashed ropes and mounted as we continued on down the mountain! When we came to a high point, I rode out and called my little dog. I could see the bear with her cubs over across the valley, headed back toward the cave. I heard Rags and knew she was looking for me. She came up and I reached down and lifted her up. She still felt angry. I fed her some candy and put her behind the saddle. As we reached the valley and were off the mountain trail, we stopped for a rest and had a good laugh for we were by now out of the reach of that mamma bear.

I had had a homestead cabin erected on my mountain ranch. This was a beautiful wild country. There were two springs of cold water near the cabin. The elevation was around six thousand, too high to grow even garden vegetables, although I planted a flock of multiplier onions, which really liked the mountain side. There were sage chickens everywhere, also ruffed grouse in the timber on the mountain sides. We had a large grassy plot fenced in for saddle horse pasture. The cabin was also inside the fence. One night my sister was staying over night with me and it was raining very hard. This ranch was a mile and a half from any road, off by itself in a lonely big basin where the coyotes howled at night and the moon cast long beams across the valley. On entering the basin from the valley side on horseback, there was a sound like there might be caverns or hollows along the trail up to the cabin. This was very noticeable on your first trip in, on a horse, but like other things through life, one became accustomed to the sound and never heard it. This particular night, I was awakened by that noise on the trail. I quickly went to the door, which had glass, and could see a horseman at the fence gate. He got off his horse and started for the house. I had pulled the blind down on the door and had taken my

rifle from the corner where I kept it. My poor sister was frightened stiff. She was all covered up, head and foot, in bed. Soon this man was at the door. First he knocked, then called "hello" and tried the door. He then walked around the house and stumbled into an oil can and a box that were on the ground. He let out a string of oaths and went back to the door. He wasn't one of the homesteaders or any one I knew. He walked over to the woodpile and started back with a good sized pole. I then realized that he was going to break in the door, so I stepped close to the door and shot through the floor in the corner of the room. I then let up the blind to see what he would be doing. Away he went, jumped on his horse, and rode wildly out of the basin. My sister was in a terrible state of fright. I built a fire in the little cook stove. It was then three A.M. I cooked breakfast and even made biscuit. Sister finally dressed and stopped crying. After eating breakfast, we washed the dishes. Daylight began to dawn so I slipped out into the yard and whistled for my horse. After slipping the nosebag and a halter over his head, I saddled him and later caught a horse for my sister. Shortly after daybreak, we headed down the trail for my brother's ranch, about three miles distance. A short while after leaving the cabin, I dismounted where there were soft dirt and gravel in the trail. Here could be seen horse tracks made a few hours before. This horse was easy to track because of one crooked hind foot. After looking the tracks over, we went on to where the trail divided into three trails, leading north, west, and south. Here the rider had taken the north trail so had not gone by my brother's house. They were at breakfast table when we rode into the yard, rather surprised to see us out so early. There were several riders, also three farmhands, besides the family of four. We never mentioned the night caller until my brother was alone, then we told him the story. He was unable to help solve the mystery

of the rider but asked us to keep our eyes open for the horse with the crooked hind foot, and not to discuss the affair with anyone.

The mail came into this valley twice a week, from Carey, and mine was left at a post out on the other side of the river. We would often ride over the mountain on horseback a distance of five or six miles for our mail and would fish in several deep pools, which we could not reach by car. There was a sheep outfit ranging about two miles from the mail post, so as we rode through the outer edge of the herd, we came near to the wagon where three horses were standing in the shade of some cottonwood trees. At once I spotted the horse with the crooked foot. The herder, a Basque, was cooking his dinner and stepped to the door of the sheep wagon when the dogs began to bark. He was an old fellow who had been around the country for years and had worked fifteen years for this same sheepman, who, by the way, was a very fine fellow. We called "Hello" to the herder and went our way. The next morning we again called on my brother early. He said to lay low and that he would find out who had ridden that horse the night in question.

My sister and I drove to Hailey that day for supplies. When we were returning through Carey, we saw the owner of the sheep enroute to the sheep camp. After passing the time of day, we headed to my brother's ranch. Here he joined us and back we went to the sheep camp where we found the owner, the Basque herder, and a fellow whom we had never seen before. The sheepman told my brother that this fellow was a "camp tender" whom he had picked up two weeks before in Carey. The sheepman spoke good Basque, so he asked the old herder and soon learned that this fellow had left camp riding this particular horse and had returned in the early morning. After we knew for a certainty that this was our night caller,

I asked him never to come calling over our way again. I also told him he could be thankful that I hadn't shot him. "You see," I told him, "we don't put up with night prowling." We never saw him again.

The second summer I spent on my homestead, a crowd of us drove down to Huff Creek where we picked up saddle horses, left the Buick, and rode out into the lava beds on an old Indian trail, in quest of a cave in which I had been years before during a vicious storm. There were six in the party. One little school teacher had asked permission to go along. She was a good rider and did not crave attention every minute. We each carried firearms, a lunch, and a jug of water. I took the lead riding a tall black mare, full of life and very touchy. The morning was one of those gorgeous June set ups hard to best in any land. As we penetrated deeper into the lavas, it became warmer and before long really hot. My mount was rather soft and was all lather before long. We saw many rattlesnakes off the side of the trail, lying on the rocks warming their bellies. After about two hours of slow travel, I realized that we were getting close to the cave. There were hundreds of head of cattle out around in the grassy meadows feeding, and we saw the chuckwagon in the distance. We now left the trail and turned to the left where the going was tough with rattlesnakes everywhere. I saw my objective about fifteen feet ahead and the others followed me closely. We had two coleman lanterns along, so we got them to going. Meanwhile, our horses paid no attention to the snakes, but started to eat the grass growing in spots through the lavas, dragging the bridle reins along to one side. We had entered the cave and had walked a short distance when we were nearly overcome with droves of bats, hitting us on all sides as the light disturbed them. Now we had to squat down to get through an opening into a larger cave. One of the men went ahead and we followed. This was a large

place and we could walk erect, but the air was foul. I slanted the light to one side and there were several large bull snakes, black, with red eyes, glaring at us. Some of these were eight feet long and thick as small poles. We left them alone and proceeded on our way with the worst yet to come. We slid down a short incline into the place I was looking for. People had died in that hole years before, three of them. It had now been sixteen years since I first had been in this place. They hadn't changed the least bit in those years. They lay on the rough floor. Their clothing still covered their bones, their hair which had dropped back from their scalps seemed very long and black. In past years I had overcome fear, so I reached down and lifted one of the skulls so that I might get a closer view of the teeth and jaw. The mandible was intact and this one had been really an aristocrat. His molars were filled with gold of rather crude workmanship. My friends wouldn't touch these decomposed bodies, so I was not able to get a whole anatomy, as I had planned to do, but took the three skulls. We had a most horrible time getting out of that "hell hole," crawling back up the inclines we had slid down. Then we were into the chamber of snakes. How they did stink. When we finally reached a place where we could get a breath of fresh air, we were sure that we would be out of the horrible place very soon. As we climbed into the last outer cave, we heard a terrific blast of thunder and found rain pouring down in torrents, while the lightning flashed close at hand and the thunder was deafening. Our horses had left us and likewise the rattlesnakes. We started for the chuckwagon, while the rain nearly knocked us over. Lightning was striking the rocks nearby, while we staggered against the storm. I prayed, asking God to help us. As we went forward we heard someone calling and soon a horseman came close to us, leading our horses. They had become frightened and had gone to the

wagon. We were like drowned rats, not a dry rag on our bodies, and I had lost all but one of the skulls.

Several times I have had people ask me to show them the cave. Never again. I promised my Heavenly Father that day in the terrible storm, that I never would go back there again. Several years later I read in Washington Irving's *Astoria* that three members of a party going West from Fort Hall had taken what they supposed would be a short cut to the Pacific Coast and were never heard of again. Perhaps this is where they perished.

The people who were running cattle were now using the grassy meadow in the lavas. This particular place is now known as Laidlow Park. Here the grass and water were plentiful until the later summer when, after days of scorching heat, water and grass became non-existent. Several enterprising fellows tried to put down a well, but this was not a success and the cattle, most of them, go on to the United States reserve about June the first.

Several years ago I made a trip out to the cow camp in a power wagon. We saw numerous rattlesnakes and had the usual afternoon thunderstorm, thunder, lightning, and rain. Since the unforgettable trip to the caves, I have no desire to explore in this locale.

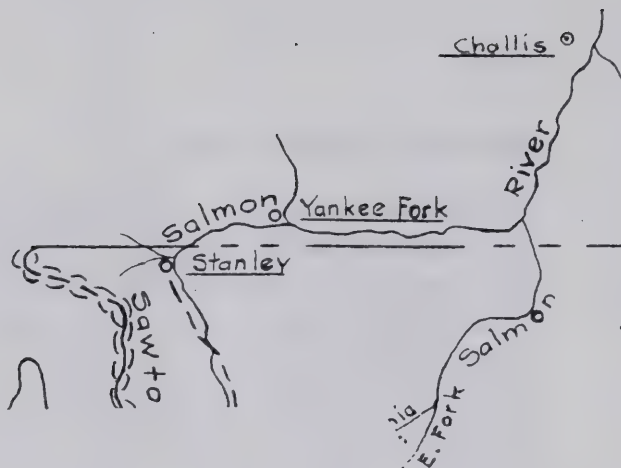
An old fellow by the name of Bradley, who didn't stay long as a farmer, moved over on the Silver Creek side of a mountain which now bears his name. Here he catered to the traveling public, especially if they were of the thirsty type. At this particular spot there's a small spring close to where his cabin once stood. He was a "character." He was always lit up like a Christmas tree. When he would make his appearance at a dance, people would sing, "Empty is the bottle. Bradley is here." Mr. Le Duce settled in the Silver Creek valley and

started the first postoffice about a mile south of the emigrant road. Yank Robinson settled farther north along the road where there were a lush meadow and a nice cool spring. Here he built a log cabin and raised beef. The Patton brothers were located due west several miles, while Browns were west of the road. This property extended for several miles north. The ranch houses were built of lumber, quite a contrast to the log cabins of the other settlers.

On the west side of the valley Big Wood River flowed south and west. Here Bellvue townsite was laid out in the early eighties and soon became a booming camp. With the Minnie Moore Mine to the West just across Big Wood River, several hundred men toiled day and night underground digging out ore which produced millions of dollars. There were numerous boarding houses in Bradford. It was here that I first saw Miss P. French, whose mother kept a miner's boarding house. She was then a young lady, home from school for the summer. I was about five years old at the time. In after years she would remark, "I never have forgotten what a nice little girl you were." A Mr. Miller, who was one of these interested in the big mine, married Annie I. Gallagher, whose mother also kept a boarding house. Annie had just graduated from college in California. She was a beautiful blonde girl, very vivacious and very sweet. He built her a mansion just north of Bellvue, surrounded her with colored servants, dressed her in silks and diamonds. They traveled abroad where they were dined and wined by royalty.

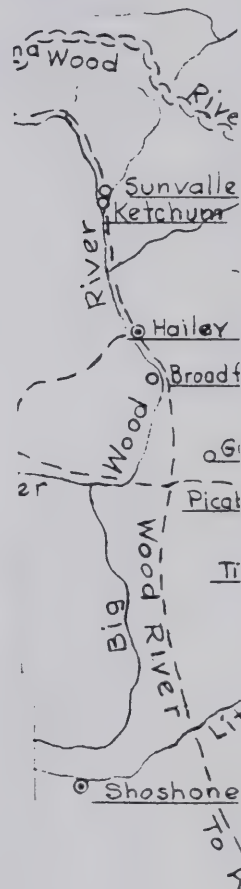
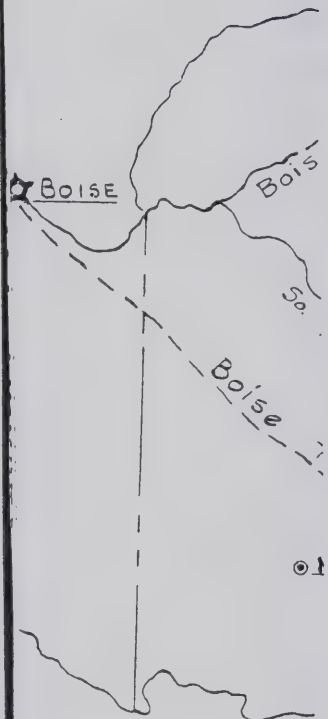
Clay and Delano, and Ballantyne were Bellvue merchants. Doctors and lawyers came later. So in a short space of time this became a bustling town of two thousand five hundred people. The mines to the north, east, and west were also producing millions of dollars of pay dirt. Here several large buildings on the main street had been constructed to house a

bank, J. C. Fox Dry Goods Store, S. M. and S. J. Friedman Grocery and Dry Goods Store, while numerous buildings were built for saloons, restaurants, and a saddle shop, a hardware establishment. To S. M. Freidman, W. T. Riley, Barney Mallory, S. J. Whitten, Joe McFadden, Judge Broadhead, J. J. Tracey, Charles Furey, Southerland and Weber, Charles Nelson, Richard Brothers, T. C. Picot, Fulds, Storys Horace Lewis, Venables, Oberchains, Donnellys, Jacksons, Bill Watt, Mc-Mongle, Judge and Mrs. Flannery, and too many others who were pioneers of old Alturas County, Idaho, I dedicate these memoirs.



Memories of old Alturas County,
Idaho Date Due

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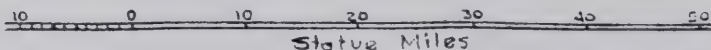
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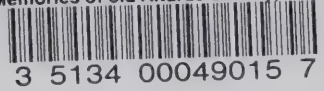
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